# GRAMPIVS
## GRATVLATION
## To his high and mightie MONARCH, KING CHARLES.

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By WILLIAM DOUGLAS.

*Vnica vicinis toties pulsata procellis,*
*Externi immunis domini.*

# To his ſacred Majeſtie.

THis hom-bred ſtrain (great PRINCE) thoſe lowly layes,
Which from affections deepe abyſm doth ſpring,
The aged *Grampius* to thy Throne would bring:
But conſcious of his raſh attempt hee ſtayes.
Hee ſeekes a ſhelter for his weake aſſayes;
And hee, who Monarchs tragick lyves did ſing,
Makes this unworthie worthie of a King:
And crownes old *Grampius* browes with *Ochell* bayes,
Who ſhrouds himſelfe 'neth *Alexanders* ſhield,
Knowing this mite may wrong thy praiſes ſhrine,
This ſmoake thy vertues golden altar ſtaine:
Yet thus to climbe *Parnaſſus* hee did yeelde,
Since ſuch a rare *Mæcenas* was commander,
Who both an *Homer* is, and *Alexander*.

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# GRAMPIVS
## *GRATVLATION.*

TWO hundreth luſters twiſe are
all out-driven
Turn'd in the ever-rolling wheeles
of Heaven,
Since to my never conqu'red di-
ademe,
Firſt ſprang the roote of one con-
tinuate ſteme.
Though long before that tyme *Gathclus* race
Poſſeſt myne Iſlands, and did court my face.
Both *Romans*, *Britons*, *Saxons*, *Picts* and *Danes*,
*Gothes*, *Vandals*, *Normans* forc'd their anxious braines
By martiall meanes to undermine my ſtate,
And train'd their troupes for to oppoſe my fate:
Yet maugre all, my trophees ever ſtood,
I dyed my ſtreaming enſigns in their blood:
With *Picts* faire lands my limits I augmented,
And made *Romes* Monarchs with their owne contented:

Whoſe

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Whoſe all down-trampling ſtrength repeld by none,
From frozen Thule to the torride Zon,
I did ranverſe, and only I the ſpate
Of their victorious ſtandards did rebeate.
*Vnſtein'd as yet a Maiden crowne I carrie,*
*Such is my lote in matters militaric.*
But now behold ſome change, ſome enterpriſe:
Goe to, goe to brave martiall *Scots ariſe*,
Mee think incroching nigh I doe eſpie
Like glit'ring meteors reilling through the skie,
A gorgious people, marching in my ſight,
Whoſe eyes, with wonder raviſh'd, doe delight
To gaze upon ſome golden man, whom Iove
Hath ſent like Mercure to declare his love.
So came that valiant Prince, when hee did bring
From *Poiteirs* bloodie field the captive King.
So that brave King from Agincourts great fight,
And ſo that royall Sheepeherd when in ſight
Hee brought the Gyants head. The people ſound,
With loude applauſes deaving Heaven and ground:
Hither they tend, amidſt my Courts they throng,
And crowne great Cæſar, Cęſar, is their ſong.
What may this meane? Shall ſtrangers ſo moleſt
My ſtate, and in my Throne themſelves inveſt?
Did ever I with purpure robe adorn
A man, who was not in my bowels born?
Or did I ever yet inſtall a King,
Who from the line of *Fergus* did not ſpring?
Shall my unconquered Caledonian crown
Loſe now her ancient glorie and renown?

No,

# Grampius gratulation.

No, no, where bee theſe mynds, that ſtrength, that ſtore
Of ſtout Herculean hearts wee heare of yore?
Sound trumpets ſhrill, beate boyſteous drums alarms,
Set fires on high, and call for armes, armes, armes.
But ſtay, perhaps my dim and aged eye
Not rightly prying puts my wits awry:
Is this not great Apollo comming North,
To view his Delos on the Douns of Forth?
Is this not CHARLES, the ſon of ſacred IAMES,
To whom not Tyber, Rhean, nor Seyn, nor Thames,
But Forth firſt homage made when hee was born,
As Gange doth to the babie ſun at morn?
*Sing joyfull pæans while yee Skies doe ring,*
*For this is* CHARLES, *great* CHARLES *our native King.*
See how this vawlted univerſall frame
Congratulats with all within the ſame:
Heavens, earth, and aire applaude in bright array,
And Neptune ſeames to ſolemnize this day.
Great Phœbus northward doth his Chariote role,
To bring brave CHARLES unto the artactick pole.
Ioves wife and ſiſter doth her hall prepaire,
And him invites with pure and temperate aire.
Fierce Boreas doth his boyſtrous blaſts ſequeſter,
And drownes in deepes his bluſtring tents tapeſter.
Flora in garments white, rid, greene and blew,
Doth ſcorn the parti-colord Iris hew.
The crocean flower ſpreads with more ample grace,
Becauſe ſhee finds two ſuns imbeame her face:
And faire Narciſſus doth his head advance,
To ſee this Iſles firſt CHARLES, tenth *Charles* of France;

And

And gazeth on his ſhade in *Engliſh* ſhield,
If it may contrare metamorphoſe yeelde.
Amidſt our meads goe tripping on the ground
The Nymphs, and milk-white Naids in a round:
With light-foote Dryads, Faunes a meaſure keeping,
And Phaethons ſiſters leave their amber weeping:
The Thracian Minſtrell ſtrains his warbling ſtrings,
And in deepe deſcant Philomela ſings.
Penean Daphne ryſeth by the roote
At the ſweete quiv'ring crotchets of the Lute:
Immured Niobe new ſenſes takes,
Heares this melodious ſong, and motion makes.
The Huntres goddeſſe ſports her in the woods,
And leaves Gargaphia for the Scotiſh floodes,
Shee comes all graithed in her gameing geare,
With brave King CHARLES to rouſe the fallow deare.
Amidſt which traine cloth'd in vermilion die
Set on a charriot of the azure skie
Ioves brain-bred daughter holds a graver trace:
Becauſe ſhee mindes firſt to ſalute his grace:
Who comes for to admire his judgements Throne,
As Shebas Queene came to King Salomon:
*All thoſe with one applauding voice do ſing,*
*Haile* CHARLES *the great, haile Britaines braveſt King.*
But O behold! an other ſight I ſee,
Which with amazing joy inchants mine eye:
There is a mount, *Parnaſſus* hill by name,
On whoſe two tops of univerſall fame
Did harboure once the ſacred ſiſters nine,
And to harmonious layes their quils combine:

But now behind Arthurus choiſer mountaine
They have found foorth a more delicious fountaine,
They'l taſte no more weake Heliconian water,
But try if Spaine or Hungarie bee better:
From high Edina do they beate the skyes,
With winged praiſes, and applauding cryes;
Framing a triple roll of rare renowne,
To grace the guerdon of a triple crowne.
*To whoſe ſweete layes reſounding Echoes ring,*
*Haile* CHARLES *the great, haile Britaines braveſt King.*

Now ſince the Heavens, the Earth, the Aire, and Sea,
And Gods, and Nymphs, and Muſes doe agree,
O peereleſſe Prince! thy praiſes to proclame,
And parallell thee with the arch of fame,
Shall not thy Grampian ground, thy braſen wall,
My native ſons, thy valiant people all,
Shall they not ſing? Shall they not ſhoute for joy,
When they doe Cæſar to his Courts convoy?
Shall not the clamour of their clang'ring cry
Hatch thouſand echoes in the emptie skie?
Shall they not triumph in receaving thee,
And bleſſe the day of thy nativitie?

Scarce was thou ſwadled, and did touch the tate,
When Fortune caveld with the threefold Fate:
For ſhee ſuppoſde that Prince ſhould have the crowne,
Who now inthrond is 'bove both Sun and Moone.
If you had eyes (ſaid Clotho) you ſhould know
Our fatall diſtaffe doth not preſage ſo;
On Rome two Cæſars can not well conteene,
And never Phœnix hath a Phœnix ſeene.

The

The elder ſhall the greater world inherite,
The younger doth this leſſer all demerite.
To whom ſaid Fortune. If your fatall power
Will force that budding roſe fall in his flower;
Your horride edicts ſhall not CHARLES appall,
Till I thoſe radiant crownes on him let fall.
When luſters five from hence the Sphears ſhall turn,
And IAMES as Iulius in the Heavens ſhall burn;
The Lyon red, and Lybbards three ſhall bee,
Bold badges of his Britaine Monarchie,
Narciſſus beautie ſhall allure his eyes,
And the ſweete ſounding harp his eares ſhall pleaſe,
And by rare vertue CHARLES ſhall ſurely gaine
A greater fame than ever *Charle le maine*.
With which the fates incenſed, did reply.
By no blind chance, but by our juſt decree,
To crownes and ſcepters men can bee advanced,
Although ſome ancient Stoicks halfe intranced,
Preferment, riches, empires, hight of blood,
To bee *fortunæ bona* did conclude:
For by the ſequell of this ſhort narration,
Wee prove theſe kingdomes are of our donation.
There is a Marble ſtone, which beares our name,
Of ancient note, and never dying fame:
In tyme of Moſes in proude Pharoes land,
From worlds firſt framing hid till then did ſtand:
This ſtone great Gathell through the deepes did carie,
So ſoone as King-bred Scota hee did marie;
And on that ſhore hee firſt did ſtrike his ſaile,
Which yet from him intitled port Gathel.

Now

Now with this deſtinie that ſtone wee grac'd,
That *Scots* ſhould ring where ev'rit ſhould bee plac'd:
So *Hyber Scota*'er elder ſon did reigne,
And was enſtald of *Luſitania* King.
But heere the *Scots* did ſo increaſe in *Spaine*,
*Gallicia* could them all not well containe.
A fruitfull Iſland in the Oce an ſea,
Twixt *Albion* and *Iberia* doth ly:
Heere did Hymęcus with a mightie band
Of beſt appointed Scottiſh Souldiers land:
Where to immortalize great *Hybers* fame,
Hee calde the land *Hybernia* from his name.
But while ſucceſſours to *Hymæcus* faile
And furious foes their fronteirs doe aſſaile,
Brave *Symon Brecus* from *Iberia* brings
This fatall chaire to deſtinate their reignes:
Yet did their number ſo their bounds exceede,
To reinlarge their limits they have neede.
They hoiſe their ſailes, and firſt no further ſtrive,
But on North *Albions AEbuds* did arrive:
Till from *Ierna* came that man divine,
Of hundreth nyne Kings who began the line:
At whoſe approach the *Britones* ſet on fire,
Doe gainſt him and his twofold *Scots* conſpire:
(For his *Ierni Scoti* thouſands ten
Ioyn'd with their brethren the *Scot-albin* men)
So to repell them from the continent;
King *Coilus* hath his *Briton* forces bent:
And at that riyer (called *Dune*) arrayes
His men in battell order, and diſplayes

His colours; yet thoſe *Britons* gote the foile,
And *Coilus* death did name the countrie *Kyle*.
Then valiant *Fergus* plac'd the fatall chire
In *Argathile*, firſt ſeate of *Scots* impire;
Where hee did reigne as royall *Scots* commander,
In tyme of *Macedonian Alexander*:
Three hundreth thirtie yeares which computation
Makes *Scotlands* crown preceede CHRISTS incarnation.
In *Berigon* their Kings were firſt inveſted,
And ſyne in *Scone* when *Berigon* detaſted,
The Picts were foild, and baniſhd from thoſe lands,
By ſecond *Kenneth*, and his martiall bands.
And then to *Scone* this Marble charie they bring,
Wherein they uſ'd for to inſtall their King:
On which in old charecters now unkend,
By our immortall finger this was pen'd,

*Ni fallat fatum, Scoti quocunque locatum*
*Invenient lapidem regnare tenentur ibidem.*

But loe firſt *Edward* mynding to delude
The fates, did *Scotland* of this ſtone denude:
Thinking that ſpoile which hence hee did convoy,
Had beene *Palladium*, *Scotland* had beene *Troy*:
But where men cute the paſſage fates to ſtay,
Wee make that ſame the courſe, that ſame the way.
*Englands* firſt *Edward* did tranſport this ſtone,
*Scotlands* firſt CHARLES ſhall ſit on *Englands* Throne:
Thoſe crownes our edicts voide of all mutation
Doe cauſe, not your inconſtant diſpenſation.
This ſaid, the fatall ſiſters made an end,
And chargd'e blind Fortune never to attend

# Grampius gratulation.

With her State-turning wheele upon that Crowne,
Which muſt hold equall date with Sun and Moone.
O mightie Monarch! now the day ſhall bee,
Which aged *Grampius* often wiſht to ſee,
That ſuch a Prince ſprung from my loynes were knowne,
Who laſt of ſeventeene Crownes ſhould take his owne;
Even thou the laſt of many *Kings* renown'd,
Yet firſt King ever heere was to bee crown'd.
Even thou the ſoveraigne whom my ſons obey,
Love, ſerve, and feare, and fellow will alway:
Even thou the only King that lives in peace,
The only *Iaſon* of this golden fleece;
Thou ſits and ſmyles to ſee the world in ſteere,
And when thou liſts thou puts them all in feare:
Thy Sea-gods ſwimme, and make old *Proteus* wonder,
To ſee ſuch winged wooden forts furth thunder.
To thy two worlds weſt Ocean is a wall,
And *Mars* doth marſhell the indwellers all:
Uncomprehended great triunall Iove
Combines thy bounds in grace, faith, peace, and love:
Hee makes my ſons ſound foorth ſuch caroling,
*Haile* CHARLES *the great, haile Britaines braveſt King.*

Let painted *Sean* vaunt of her flowrie Throne,
And of her raine-bow coloured feeldes, whereon
Soft breathing musked Zephyrs ſlide amaine,
And curle the amorous verdure of each plaine:
Yet to thy Lyon ſhee did often mone,
When thy three Libards trampled on her Throne:
So though her Tempe ſhads like Eden ſhine,
Dethron'd ſhee hath beene, and inthron'd by thine.

Let

# Grampius gratulation.

Let *China* of innumerable townes,
*Conſtantinoples* orientall crownes
Brag of their golden mountaines, ſpatious fields,
And of a ſhore, which pearles and rubies yeelds;
Yet none of thoſe great Monarchs Heavens doe tender,
To beare the glorious name of Faiths defender.
Let *Spaine* boaſt of her earth-imbracing crowne,
On whoſe dominions Sun goeth never downe:
Yet blood and rapine her empire did reare,
VVhich ſtands by rapine, blood, conſtraint, and feare.
But thou 'mongſt Kings, moſt like the King of Kings,
Ov'r an unconquered virgine Kingdome rings;
And thy right hand doth greateſt ſcepters move,
Not gote by bloodie treacherie, but by love.
Thy ſelfe a Prince not of tyrannick mynd,
But to thy ſubjects loving myld and kynd:
VVho never yet with blood haſt ſtaind thy Throne;
But mercie ſits with open wings thereon.:
Love all-imbracing, mercie ſparing rods,
In which two chiefly men bee like the gods.
O then great Prince come harboure in myne heart,
And never hence from thine old *Grampius* part.
Mine head *Edina* ſhall thine head adorn,
VVith diademe thy fathers wore beforn,
An hundreth Kings, and eight that crowne defended,
VVhich unto thee unconquer'd hath deſcended.
In this thine ancient citie thou ſhalt ſee
The trueſt gemme of pure divinitie.
The ornate ſenate orderly conveen'd,
With *Tullies* moe than ever *Rome* contein'd.

The

The faſces furniſht with civilitie,
With *Minos* juſtice, *Catoes* gravitie:
The gallants, whoſe brave muſters may declare,
They bee the children of the God of warre.
Within the circuit of an houre they'l ſhow
Ten thouſand warlick citicens and moe,
All reir'd in ſhyning helmes, and glancing ſhields,
Far puſhing picks the bulwark of the fields,
Skie-threatning ſhot, the child of death laſt borne,
Which angrie *Ioves* fire thund'ring claps doth ſcorn,
All of their ſtout anceſtors martiall ſtamp,
Might quench the pride of the emperiall campe:
*Who to thy Throne thoſe ſalutations bring,*
*Haile* CHARLES *the great, haile Britaines braveſt King.*

Though *Iſis* glorie may thine heart entiſe,
Her greatneſſe charme thy will, enchant thine eyes,
That thine owne citie thou no more adorn,
Nor view thoſe ancient bownes where thou was born:
Yet what ſo-ev'r allure thee, think upon
Thine old *Edina*, and thy native Throne,
Who though thy chaire of State to *Inde* remove,
Should plaine thine abſence, but not change her love.

Wouldſt thou heere ſtay, and ſpend the pleaſant houres
Beſide thy predeceſſours bones and boures;
Then ſhould I ſing, then ſhould I often pray,
Such golden tyme may never turn away.
May never *AEthon* from the Orient *Inde*
Repaſt or 'poſe in Weſtern *Thetis* find.
May nev'r the jeate-black courteins of the night
Bee drawne from *Antipods* to cloude our light?

May

# Grampius gratulation.

May never *Phœbus* to the *Buck* declyne,
But ay twixt *Cancer* and *Aſtræa* ſhine?
May never after loving CHARLES diſdaine
To leave *Corona* for the *Charle-la-waine*.
Pitie I pray our *Hyperborean* froſt,
Our long long ſhadow fra thou leave our coſt.
Pitie thoſe Orphans who begin to grone,
And doe alreadie thy departure mone.
In ſable night *Apolloes* love may lowre,
Yet lookes to morrow like a fragrant flowre.
But ah! old *Grampius* never more will ſpread,
If once againe hee 'gin to droupe his head:
My hoarie haires ſhall bee intomb'd with woe,
If *Iacobs Benjamin* away will goe.
But if the furious fates will force ſuch paine,
And *Phœbus* muſt in *Thetis* dive againe,
Yet leave ſome prime-ſtar of thy love for light,
While thine Aurore againe expell my night,
Till when, and now, and in all comming ages,
So long as *Nereus* on thy limits rages,
So long as *Veſper* doth the day divide,
Or round about the *Pole Bootes* ſlide,
With thee and thine my conſtancie and faith
Shall bide, as blood is ever joyn'd with breath.
And with my vow this laſting wiſh coheres,
Thine age may parallell old *Grampius* yeares.

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# TRITACROSTICHON.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| COme, and behold, | King beſt in worlds vaſt | Frame, |
| How SCOTLAND I, | In thee ENGLAND | Rejoiſes: |
| A Land as yet | Nev'r conqu'red how I | Am, |
| Round'bout earths ball | Great herald fame foorth | Noiſes. |
| Lyke as true Love | O KING thy crown doth | Cover, |
| Even ſo doth Love | Farre farre thy march | Extend, |
| So ENGLAND, and | Brode bounds of Britain | Over |
| Stands thy rich Throne | Reird, wch true love doth | Fend. |
| Then let this Iſle | In after tymes | Intend |
| Of ruin'd jarres | Trophees of peace to | Reare, |
| Whereby the World | Amidſt their wars may | Lend |
| A little blink | New BRITAINE to | Admire; |
| Remembring that | Now's one King where twiſe | Nine |
| Their bloodie broiles | Exerc'd. O change | Divine! |

# GRAMPIVS REGRATE AT the departure of his Majeſtie.

AH Reader! pauſe a while, and with the eyes of pittie
Behold how ſoone my ſongs of joy turn in a tragick dittie:
Heere I lament the loſe of what I newly gain'd,
The preſence of my loving Prince which hath not long remain'd.
Hei mee why have I beene thus paradiz'd in joy?
To bee ſo ſoone plung'd in the maine deludge of all annoy.
Not ſo the poſting ſpheres out-drive the flowrie ſpring,
But by a ſlow ſerpenting pace the gray hair'd winter bring.
But ſcarce had I well view'd whom long I wiſh'd to ſee,
When like a lightning hee did paſſe in twinckling of an eye.

So

So doth a poore man dreame hee fangs the *Indian* treaſure,
But when hee doth awake, his dreame is paſt, ſo is his pleaſure:
So to the love ſick Nymph, her dreames of love bring harmes,
When ſhee awakes, and finds him gone lay dalying in her armes.
If this my ſoone ſpent joy may not be cald a dreame,
Yet of a true realitie 'tis but a glance or gleame.
The drudging clown by uſe can ſwallow all annoyes,
Not capable of divine mirth or of heroick joyes.
But they who on ſmall glance of *Tabors* joyes did gaine,
Wiſh'd that they never might deſcend into the noy ſome plaine:
Had I the nectar of his preſence never taſted,
I could haue well the uſed gall of abſence now digeſted:
But I of late who triumph'd on Suns flamming chaire,
Am caſt down in Eridanus; cold water quenches fire.
Yet what? Not mee alone this paleneſſe doth appall,
But even a change is in the face of all within this All:
The Heavens begin to weepe, the imber months appeare,
The very ſenſleſſe things themſelves do change their wonted cheere:
The Sea doth rore amaine, the Sun doth loſe his heate,
The pleaſant groves & arbors ſhake their pompe among their feete.
And who within ſhort tyme liſt to behold my face,
Shall ſee a ſnow-whyt winding ſheete mee round about imbrace.

WHilſt I did view thoſe courts of late minacd the skie,
Which now like ſilent Hermit halls alone deſerted ly,
I did my ſad complaint this elegie begin,
But [illegible] mine eyes did drown in teares, ſighs, boiſtred ſo within,
That from my trembling hand the quivering pen did fall
At my Parnaſſus *Ochells* feete where all the muſes dwell:
Where *Helicon* is turnd in *Dovens* lively ſpring,
And [illegible] Apollo with more skill this dittie may foorth bring.

*FINIS.*

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